

# THE MESSENGER



## OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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# CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

**ORIGIN AND AIM:** The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical. Medical, Educational.

**GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION:** The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

**SPIRIT:** The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

\* \* \* \*

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

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**OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:**  
White Sisters Convent  
319 Middlesex Avenue  
Metuchen, New Jersey

## THE MESSENGER OF

## OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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### SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

### TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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## Come Let Us Adore Him



Wishing all our Benefactors and Friends  
a Blessed Christmas  
and a New Year filled with  
Peace, Happiness and Prosperity.



Doom . . . boo-doo-doom . . . boo—doo—doom . . . boom boom, clack, clack, boodoo-doom! . . . In the dancing torchlight the native drummers are striking their drums with all their might. Drums made of bullock hides stretched between tree trunks. 'Tis the native music-makers calling their fellow Christians to Midnight Mass!

Christmas night! . . . The old, old women wrapped in large cloaks thread their way along the wintry road towards the parish church where the bells are softly ringing. Down the winding pathways that border the mountains come the Barundi (natives of Urundi), hurrying toward Mugeru, each carrying a torchlight in one hand and a spear in the other.

The drums and bells announce the same mystery; both the native warriors and the pious old women hasten to adore the same Child; all the world over, in Africa as in America . . . tonight the same peace will fall on all men of good will. . . .

There is a striking contrast—but the essential unity is there . . . and all the hushed excitement of Christmas is here too, here, in the wilds of Africa.

Doom . . . boo-doo-doom . . . 'tis the large native drums announcing the Birth of Jesus.

The vast square in front of the church

seems alive with people; and at each moment new groups arrive by the many pathways. Straw is snatched from the thatched outbuildings to make more and more torches; tomorrow Brother Celsus will have to set to and remake the roofs. What does that matter! . . . Christmas comes but once a year and there must be the traditional torch-light procession—torches made of straw from the thatched roofs. The men dressed in their Sunday-best—flowing cloaks of bark cloth—chat in groups while awaiting the hour of midnight. The women fix their babies, wrapped in sheepskin, astride on their backs. The girls remain motionless, with their arms crossed and their hands clasping their shoulders, not daring to move lest they lose something of the effect of their make-up—effect which has taken hours to procure. And the boys being boys, crush around the drummers. . . .

Suddenly a bell peals forth and the drummers stop. The bell, somewhat shrill, gives but a thin silvery sound, should not a Cathedral such as this have a large bell with a more majestic sound? But are we not in the wilds here, so how transport such a bell . . . there is only one's back to carry things on . . . Besides, this bell answers the purpose well enough for at its

(Please turn to Page 48)

# The Missions March On

## Metuchen

As we go to press Reverend Mother Louise-Marie, our newly elected Superior General, and Mother M. St. Edwin will have landed at LaGuardia Field arriving from Algiers, North Africa, for the long expected visitation of our Convents in America. For the first time in nine years, it is with joy that we welcome our distinguished visitors from the Motherhouse, to review the work accomplished and plan future developments.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Buffalo

His Excellency the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director for the Propagation of the Faith, in his formal inauguration discourse for the Buffalo Mission Exhibit, from the 22-27 September, said that it was one of the finest held in this country, if not the best. May we reiterate our gratitude to His Excellency the Most Reverend John F. O'Hara for his invitation to the missionaries to participate in the Buffalo Diocese Thanksgiving for its first centenary, and to Right Reverend Monsignor J. P. McDonald, the zealous Director for the Propagation of the Faith for organising this most successful Mission Exhibit.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Kasina, Nyassaland

This new foundation of the White Sisters took place a few months ago and **Mother Trialtas writes:**

There are 10,000 souls in Kasina Mission, that is as many as in the three missions of Mua, Ntakataka and Bembeke together. Only six hundred of these are Catholics and they live in outlying villages fifteen to twenty-five miles out.

This mission started by the White Fathers twenty years ago and in which is found the Junior Seminary has disappointed the great hopes placed in it. If farther out there are good fervent Christians, round the Mission Station itself the population is ultra-pagan due chiefly to the influence of the famous sect of "Night Dancers" called "Nyao."

The only instructions we received from Father Superior were: "I am Parish Priest for the outlying villages, you for the ones nearer home." We are left a free hand in everything concerning schools and health work.

The very next day after our arrival, and after the six o'clock Mass, sick people began to arrive without giving us even time to unpack! The population is very attached to its ancestral traditions as far as dancing, drinking and polygamy are concerned.

A week later school opened, Sister St. D. taking the little boys and Sister M. the little girls. The first day there were twelve in all; the third day, fifty. It is such a novelty to them; they come chiefly out of curiosity, but the population being such as it is we will probably have many pupils at school. Real little bush creatures . . . yet, the future Christians of Kasina.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Toro, Uganda

Here is a missionary dream—for you all: The Mission of Bwamba, which is to be founded, is two or three miles from the Ituri forest where the pigmies live. There is a church, a well organised catechumen course, a boys' school, a girls' school, no Fathers, no Sisters—we are waiting for you to come and make friends with the dear little pigmies! At present our mission is in charge of this district but it is forty miles from here—too far to do real missionary work.

Sister M. Cephas. W.S.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the Catholic Daughters of America, Court Loretto, New Brunswick, N. J., we are happy once again to express our sincerest gratitude for their annual food shower, which is a traditionally very substantial one. Our cordial thank you to Mrs. James Hughes, the chairlady, to everyone of her devoted co-helpers, and to each individual member for the generous co-operation—we assure you the shower was a success, and promise a share in our prayers.

### RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

Mrs. Wildner  
Miss A. C. Taffee  
Mr. E. Starks  
Sacred Heart School, Worcester, Mass.  
Mrs. A. Bouchard  
Miss R. Dargis

### HELPED TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

Mrs. G. Suzanna  
Mrs. C. Reis  
Mrs. A. Allen  
Mrs. E. Burns  
Mrs. D. Gordon  
Mrs. M. Zirkle  
Mrs. C. Keenan  
Mr. A. Braun  
Mrs. Brady  
Mrs. E. Auer  
Mr. A. Marcinkowski  
Mrs. J. Montanino

### PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss M. M. Santori

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## Our Lepers . . .

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SISTER M. MAXIMILIENNE.

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IT IS OF OUR leper settlement at Mua, Nyassaland, that I will speak to you.

Arriving by train one gets a good view of this kindly looking village, partly hidden among big trees and surrounded by a gay hedge of flowers. The building right in the middle with a cross on top is the church. All the lepers who are able to walk meet there every day for morning and evening prayers; while during the day, many are the leper visitors to the Blessed Sacrament. They are so grateful to Our Lord for deigning to live even among them, the most forlorn of creatures. It is not possible yet to have daily Mass in the leper colony owing to the lack of priests, but every Sunday a Father comes from a neighboring Mission.

On each side of the church is a large building, one for the men and one for the women. This is the hospital. The Sister in charge is like the chief of the village and at the same time, the mother of a large family. Those who wish may stay at the hospital, others come twice a week for treatment.

No two cases of leprosy are alike, but they may be roughly divided into two large groups, the infectious and the non-infectious. Only about 25 per cent of lepers have the infectious form. The infection is supposed to be given by discharges from the eyes and nose and also by coughing and spitting. Thus it is that those who suffer from the mutilating type

of leprosy, who have sores and have lost their limbs, are not the ones who give their disease to others, although they sometimes look really dreadful. However, most cases are curable nowadays if only they, the lepers, would follow the treatment regularly. This treatment, consisting of hydnocreol injections, is long—two injections a week for several years,—and therefore asks for much perseverance on the part of the poor sufferers.

At Mua, the lepers can live almost the same life as they would do at home in their own villages. Everyone has his own straw-roofed house, or rather hut, where he or she lives often with some relative. Most of the lepers have little gardens in which they grow maize and vegetables. The men spend their time weaving mats and baskets or carving utensils whilst talking of the events of the day. The women at their side are usually busy pounding maize and preparing food. The children run off to school where they do their utmost to learn. There is another school for those among the grown-ups who wish to learn.

Many of these poor people look quite resigned and even happy. God alone can give them the courage necessary to face a lifetime of suffering. Many accept their sufferings in a beautiful way, offering all for the conversion of their pagan countrymen. Sometimes too, pagan lepers at the settlement, after being cured of this terrible disease become Catholics and fervent apostles on returning to their own villages.

Only God could have arranged this world of ours in such a way that out of the worst trials to human eyes the very best and most beautiful results sometimes come.



"The first spot."

1,101 Lepers  
under the care  
of the White Sisters.



**A** RAPID GLANCE AT a map of Africa and your eye will be caught by the little island of Mombasa, on the East Coast, the Gateway to the vast interior. Nestling like a jewel in the blue Indian Ocean, an island of balmy tropical nights, with all the glamor of the East about it, Mombasa presents a busy spectacle by day. Possessing one of the finest nautical harbors in the world, it has been for centuries a port of call for ships bound from Europe for India and the East. Along its crowded docks and in the busy bazaars, a population of 92,000 move daily, of all races and colours and tongues. Negroes, Indians, Goans, Seychelles, Europeans and even Chinese. How many of these souls have been washed by the regenerating waters of Baptism? Hardly two per cent. A staggering figure! A heart-rending reality for the missionary on fire with the love of God, wishing to establish His reign in the hearts of all men.

#### FIVE TABERNACLES

Our island possesses five Tabernacles. Jesus has taken up His Abode at the Apostolic Delegation, the ordinary residence of His Excellency Archbishop Matthews, the parish church of the Holy Ghost, frequented by the Europeans and Goans; at Makupa, for the Native; at Loreto Convent, where the few European children go to school; and lastly in our modest little chapel of the White Sisters, whose principal work here, is the christianization of the Asiatics.

#### OUR SCHOOL

Twenty years ago, we had about seventy children in our school. Today there are more than six hundred. It is a Catholic School, starting with Kindergarten, complete with Primary and Secondary Departments. It is run on modern English lines, the whole curriculum being carried out through the medium of English, right from the day the children enter the Kindergarten at the age of five years. As our girls sit for Senior Cambridge and Matriculation, on the same footing as English girls, the course of study is very vast, including, besides English, — History, Geography and Mathematics — Hygiene and Physiology, French and Art.

## Crying Need for White S

Take as an Example ONE Little Island Eigh

#### BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FROM OUR GARDEN

**Our Apostles:** Some of our former girls who have gone out from here, started Catholic Schools in places up-country, where there never had been one before. There they have given themselves wholeheartedly to the service of God's little ones, preparing them for their First Communion and teaching them what they learnt here long ago, especially the beautiful plain-chant. What a joy for us, White Sisters, to see the Apostolic fire burn in the hearts of our children, inflaming their pupils with it, who in their turn, will light it in the breasts of others.

#### A CONVERSION

Amongst the half-white population here, there have been many conversions, but the most touching example is that of an Anglo-Indian, Mrs. Moss! Born and



brought up in the Protestant Religion, she came to our school when quite small. No hint was ever given of what passed in her little mind, when she followed the

# Sisters - - Everywhere !

Eight Miles Square — Mombasa, B. E. A.

others to the Catechism lesson, until afflicted by Almighty God with the dreaded disease of Leprosy, she saw herself torn away from her family and isolated in the Quarantine Hospital here. One day, Mother Superior went to visit her, and she confided to her the great desire she had of becoming a Catholic. "I have had it ever since the days, when I was at your school." When her instruction was completed, she was baptised and her joy was so great, that her little daughter of thirteen, who for some time back, had been her companion in isolation, (being herself afflicted with the disease) said she also would love to become a Catholic. She set about studying her Catechism and was baptised.

This poor woman really edifies us all. She has left several children at home under the care of a big sister of about



fifteen and yet she never complains of anything but takes all:—her disease, separation and the loneliness of the Quarantine—all from the hands of God—her life

is one act of adoration and abandon to God's Holy Will. What an example of the truly Christian spirit!—choice flower, who perhaps is instrumental in saving many souls, only by her life of moral and physical suffering.

## DEATH OF A GOAN GIRL

Mary da Costa, orphan at an early age, was a pupil in our school. She had little aptitude for study, but was very pious. When she had completed her studies, she was to be of no use to her poor father, for she was already suffering from Tuberculosis. In her turn, she too was removed to the Quarantine where, in spite of all her sufferings, she was always to be found gay, and patient, passing her days sewing for the Church, reading holy books and praying. Up to her death, she remained courageous and, on the eve when the priest came to administer the Sacrament of Extreme-Uncion to her, she insisted on holding the blessed candle herself, in spite of the Sisters' attempt to dissuade her, and calmly and piously followed all the beautiful ceremonial of the Sacrament she was receiving. For this privileged child, there was no fear of death. Faith, Confidence and an imperturbable calm, such as have distinguished the Saints of God, were hers. She died during that night in her own poor hovel of a home, leaving her broken-hearted father alone. The Missionary who was there, was so touched by this beautiful and holy death, that he could not help remarking before they closed her grave: "Today, we have buried a little Saint!"

Yes, truly our Mary da Costa died like a Saint! . . .

## OTHER WORKS

**Procure:** Many Missionary Sisters of other Congregations have to pass through the port of Mombasa on their way to their respective Missions. Our doors are always open to these apostles—no matter to what order they belong, and in spite of our small number, we are always pleased to welcome them.

**Sanctuaries:** We have the charge of all the Sanctuaries where our Lord has His abode on the island. So, one Sister must go round each in turn and inspect the altars and sacristies.

**Altar Bread:** The altar breads for the priests of the island and some mainland chapels, and also for priests embarking

for Europe, are baked, cut, and packed here.

### **STILL OTHER WORKS . . .**

**but alas! . . . there are no Sisters!**

Sisters! Yes, we need more Sisters. The harvest indeed is ripe souls are waiting to be saved—and we, we have not enough Sisters to see to them,—and ourselves, we have no time to go out and glean this great harvest—. It is at this juncture that the heart of the missionary is in anguish, it bleeds, because it knows that souls are escaping, fleeing from God, are rushing headlong into Hell and then with a sigh, she thinks of the hundreds of young girls throwing away their lives on pleasure, who in a burst of fervour could fly to their aid and save them.

### **THE NATIVE HOSPITAL**

Entirely under the management of lay persons, this hospital has about two hundred beds—and deaths are on an average of two a day. If we had a sufficient personnel to staff it, it might be in our hands, but as we are only eight, our time is all taken up with the school. One Sister makes a rapid visit every evening in all the wards to make sure that no Catholics die without the priest, to instruct and baptise the dying and to open the gates of Heaven to some little baby. Yet, in spite of all our solicitude, how many die before we can reach them! What a difference it would make were the hospital under our direction; if we were living with the sick, and caring for them, how many conversions might there not be. The missionary cannot remain indifferent to the lot of these poor people—even one soul's salvation means much to her!

### **MAKUPA**

About three miles from here, in the interior of the island, there is the Native mission of Makupa. One priest is in charge of it, and in spite of an over-charged ministry, he manages to run a school with the help of Native men teachers, for the three hundred and sixty children of his parish. Do not ask us what an effect this has on the youth of the parish, alas!! How many young girls, could have profited by the presence of the Sisters in the school. What a difference it would make in the school if all the Natives, Catholics and pagans were educated by the Sisters. On the request of the Father, two of our Sisters go for one whole afternoon in the week to keep up a contact with the older girls by giving them

sewing lessons and speaking to them of God. Unfortunately, it is all we can give them . . . and yet what a fine work it would be to bring these children to the knowledge of the True God. Again—not enough Sisters and souls are lost forever.

### **GIRIAMA**

On the mainland, about twenty-five miles from here, is the fine mission-station of Giriama with many outlying posts around it. The Native population is dense and thirsting to hear about God. A simple upright race, they would love to see a mission post of White Sisters in their country. One day Father Superior invited the Community on a visit to the mission and during a concert given by the school children, a charming little blackie, with eyes aglow came up and standing right in front of Mother Superior, said sweetly and caressingly: "Stay with us." There were tears in the eyes of all the Sisters as they thought of the impossibility of complying with such a request, made really on behalf of all the people. And how often since then we have been asked to go there . . . but where shall we get the Sisters?

### **THE QUARANTINE**

Last but not the least, is this refuge of the sick incurables. Here you will find all kinds of diseases: cancer, T.B., even leprosy. It is so far from our Convent, that it is only a very, very occasional visit that we can make to these poor abandoned people.

Who will come to the rescue? Missionaries—we **need** Missionaries.

**"I Thirst!" . . . Cry of anguish—cry of distress.**

And to you young girls, whose life is just beginning, who are asking yourself, "What shall I be in life?" Jesus says, "Sitio." Out there in Africa, there are souls, ripe, ready for the Harvest. Will you be one of the generous souls, who will say "Yes" to His appeal?

You say "What must I do, Lord?" — Become a White Sister. "And for that, what do I need?" — Nothing but a burning desire to give yourself body and soul to God, without reserving anything for yourself—to gain souls for His Kingdom—all the rest will be given you over and over.

Jesus is calling you to be His Bride. Not for a day only will His love last—but for ever. His, is the love of a God, tender, sweet, infinite . . . Come, do you hear?



He is calling you . . . by your name . . .  
He wants you to be His. . .

"Come, my beautiful one, my Dove, in the cleft of the Rock, Come." You will want for nothing for He will be your all. He will pour His graces upon you in abundance, and the more you grow in the life of grace, the more beautiful your soul will become. As your soul grows in beauty, His Love will grow in you till it overflows upon other souls. And since Love alone is capable of making one happy, you will be submerged in a sea of bliss, which other White Sisters, Spouses of Christ, know, but cannot adequately express in human language.

Come, leave all, generously, relatives, friends, fortune, home and country, give yourself to Christ, be a mother to these millions of souls of Africans, who want Christ, and you will receive the hundred-fold promised in this life and everlasting glory in the next. Come!

#### DEATH OF A WHITE SISTER

A few years ago, Sister James Marie, who had given eighteen years of her life to God here in Mombasa, was struck down suddenly by illness and on the advice of the doctor was taken in great haste to the hospital. Hardly an hour after her entrance, the doctors saw that there was no hope, as she was sinking fast. The nurse did not want to alarm her, so she said: "Sleep well, Sister—tomorrow, you will be better." Then, going down to Mother Superior, she told her that she was dying and asked her not to tell the Sister, as it might disturb her. Mother went into the room and perceiving that Sister James would not last the night through, resolved to tell her. So, bending over the bed, she whispered softly: "I think Jesus will come to call you to Himself tonight." At this, Sister did not seem in the least frightened; instead, looking at Mother Superior, calmly, with a beautiful smile, she said: "That is all right!" Then, whilst waiting for the Priest, she recollected herself and prepared her soul to meet Her God. Assisted by the presence of her Sisters in Religion and fortified by the Rites of Holy Church, she died a most holy and edifying death that same night.

The Hospital Staff, so taken back by this death so unlike any other they had ever witnessed in that hospital, said to one another: "Surely, there must be an afterlife—with something worthwhile in it,



A Class at Makupa.

since this Sister met it so bravely. Her attitude towards it was just sublime."

This death had its sequel some time later, when a nurse, who had helped at the bedside of Sister James, shaken to the depths of her soul, had the courage to abjure the Protestant Religion, and then to turn her back on the world and its vanities to give herself to God in Religion. She died a most holy death some years ago in Italy. What an influence a holy Missionary can have — these are the traces left by the death of ONE such missionary.

#### A LAST APPEAL

And now, generous young hearts—do not hesitate any longer. Come! Jesus is waiting! Souls are calling you! Come, to this Africa of the teeming millions, come to give yourself as a holocaust to work till death for souls, till, one day, you too will be invited to the Eternal Nuptials!

**A White Sister.**

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#### OBITUARY

His Excellency the Most Reverend V. Roelens, W.F.,  
retired Vicar Apostolic of Upper Congo, East Africa  
Rev. Sallam, W.F.

Mr. Martin J. Rudican, Flushing, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Musson, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Ann Shea, Somerville, Mass.

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## Come Let Us Adore Him

(Concluded from Page 41)

sound a deep silence falls and slowly the crowd, hushed and recollected, wends its way into the building.

From the choir, a beautiful, clear voice intones a well-known ancient Christmas hymn. I close my eyes and believe myself to be once more a child . . . . Now the singer has reached the chorus and here it comes—thrown forth to the full by a thousand voices! I open my eyes; this is Africa right enough, no such singing could come from anywhere else but here, it is simply Christmas at Mugerai . . . From my place in the sanctuary I can see the women kneeling with their youngest children (in these countries it is customary for all the women to occupy one side of the church and the men the other). Three very small girls in the front row, squashed one against the other, are singing with all their heart and strength. Behind are all the young girls with their well shaven heads, greased with a mixture of butter and red earth, shining in the lamp-light. Then come the mothers with their babies and the old grandmothers in their severe costume.

Mass begins . . . "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour . . ." These words have a profound meaning here, a meaning they have lost in our country where Christianity is already 2000 years old. In Africa, every day the shepherds' joy is renewed; every day some one at death's door hears the angelic message for the first time . . . For them, the Christmas gospel really is the gospel," the glad tidings! . . .

But how can one meditate? . . . Nearly all the women have a baby in arms and the scene is very touching—that must have been how the shepherds acted in the stable at Bethlehem—nothing of the dignified silence of our churches on Christmas night.

At the Credo, the women sit down—but this movement upsets the little ones, who do not hesitate to show it. It's one long deafening cacophony and each mother sets about calming her child as best as she can. Here and there the dangling of a rosary does the trick, a baby is satisfied and begins to smile again. Should he persist however, he must be fed, that's all . . . Here's one as good as gold, sitting on his

very small cloth and seriously playing with his toes; there's another, he begins to crawl, suddenly up he gets and does three triumphant little steps, then falls down heavily while his mother looks on with a smile, proud to see her child's first steps . . . Another with a good pair of lungs is crying as hard as he can, his mother gets up and starts dancing on the spot shaking rather than rocking the child on her hips. She dances until the little fellow falls asleep, with his thumb in his mouth.

For about an hour, line after line of communicants approach the altar-rails, very orderly and piously . . . the mothers with their babies peeping over their shoulders. Sometimes one of these little ones, with eyes wide open, presents his little pink tongue to the priest, why should he not have part in the Heavenly Banquet too?

At last all is over.

Some stay behind and hasten to the crib; decorated with flowers and little candles of many colors. Some go there to pray, others by curiosity. The Child Jesus, a cheap little doll, is lying in a manger made of real wood and spread with real straw. He has amazing blue eyes and the women gently clap their hands and throw Him their most maternal glances, to pay Him homage.

The ox is there, seemingly to warm the Infant with his breath. The ox intrigues these children of nature: plenty of flesh on him and short-legged—but what miserable horns! The lowly Child must have been very, very poor to have only such an animal to serve Him!

Balthasar, being black, is the great favorite, every year he gives the same pleasure. Who knows, perhaps he was one of us? There certainly is some likeness:

"I find he is like Ntuzé."

"Oh no, Ntuzé is more . . ."

And they break into laughter . . . what an ideal . . . just imagine that obstinate old pagan Chief in adoration at the crib!

Now comes the Sister. She puts out all the candles. In Mugerai we are not rich and the candles have to last until the Epiphany. . . .

Regretfully and still disputing how many sheep were at the crib (last year wasn't there one more?) the stragglers join their happy friends outside.

Doom . . . boo-doo-doom . . . 'Tis the big native drums announcing the Birth of Christ.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

GOD and SOULS are Calling

*Come Help*

1500

Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa  
(White Sisters)

to SAVE 25,000,000 Africans

- by -

*Becoming a Missionary  
Prayer Sacrifices*



COME — SAVE US

For Further Information, Write to

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METUCHEN, N. J.

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WILL

Our Legal Title Is  
THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA  
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now nor later. Why not include this clause?

*"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of ..... Dollars."*

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STAMPS — STAMPS — STAMPS

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Please do not send ordinary stamps in an envelope first class mail, because the postage costs more than the stamps are worth. Kindly keep them until a box is filled; then send it parcel post or express to:

WHITE SISTERS' CONVENT

319 Middlesex Avenue

Metuchen, New Jersey

# ON THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY

*The Christ Child  
of  
Bethlehem*

**"Became Flesh and Dwelt Amongst Us"**

*so that*



*We, Children  
of Africa,  
Might Be Saved.*

THE WORK IS ENDANGERED BY LACK OF FUNDS

**YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT**

*to*

**THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA**

*will help bring the story and meaning  
of Christmas to the African people.*

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